tia, Benares, Nanking among themwas hailed as messiah by a Mohammedan wob." In America his reputation was

of the highest. The London newspaper that was "not hysterical" said that Felsenburgh's speech, shich it did not report, was delivered in Esperanto and was very simple and brief. The newspaper added: "There was no response, but a sigh which sounded in the cars of at least one who heard it as if the whole world drew breath for the first time and then that strange heart shaking silence cell again. Many were weeping silently, the lips of thousands moved without a sound, and all faces were turned to that simple figure, as if the hope of every soul were centred there. So, if we may believe it, the eyes of many, centuries ago, were turned on one known now to history as Jesus of Nazareth."

What Mr. Felsenburgh had particularly to announce was the fact of universal protherhood. The story goes on to tell of distressing scenes. It was said of Felsenburgh at this time: "He is the supreme force in the world." France was in a ferment and had offered him dictatorship. Italy wanted to bestow upon him the title of Perpetual Ruler. The account says that he was only 32. "He has," we read of his American power, "only been in office a few months. Before that he lived alone in Vermont. Then he stood for the Senate; then he made a speech or two; then he was appointed delegate." It reads half like English olitics, but that surely is proper enough. At least it is comprehensible.

The volor, or airship, takes Father Percy I ranklin, the hero of the story, to Rome. His interview with the Pope is reported. l'elsenburgh becomes progressively Presitent of Europe and President of the World. His minor title in Esperanto reads: "Julian l'elsenburgh, La Prezidante de Uropo. He survived that. The particularly shocking part of the story, perhaps, is that part which tells of the plot to wipe out Westminster Abbey, and of the counter plot to wipe out Rome. Seventy war volors left ngland for Rome at "151/2 o'clock" and sixty more left Berlin half an hour later. The story then passes into highly disturbing extravagance. With this part we forear to be concerned, because we feel that we should protect ourselves against too creat agitation and alarm.

A Nun Who Fell.

It may be read in the story of "The Nun," ranslated from the French of René Bazin, amortal by reason of his inclusion in the rench Academy (Charles Scribner's Sons), that Sister Justine very wisely said. She said: "Never belong to yourself. That is the way never to be tired." Alas! Sister Pasale, daughter of the Lyons silk weaver, one of the group of five sisters at the mother louse at Clermont-Ferrand, did not belong a herself, and yet she was very tired. The story is concerned with this exception, which gives strength to the rule. Sister Pascale fell victim to the conscienceless Jules Prayon. It may be read of the five sters who were associated-of Sister Jusme, whom we have quoted; of Sister Danieie, of Sister Léonide, of Sister Edwige and Sister Pascale, who was the youngest, and who furnished the tragedy. The silk weaver, Sister Pascale's father, once hought of his daughter, whom he was about to visit: "How pretty she will be in her

Pretty she was. He lamented the absence her hair. Still there was a trifle lefther ear. "It's golden," he said. "All the gold we had at home. You ought to is recorded that "Crayven's rough and pashave left me a lock. But you are rosier, sionate kiss woke nothing but repulsion he said: "Dad, we don't talk of things of that kind"-which was doubtless true enough, for nuns have other things to think

But the story tells how the school was broken up and how Sister Pascale was "She has allowed herself to be decrived; she has thought herself in love; she has fallen from God." So Sister Justine wrote to Sister Daniele. As for Jules Prayon: "He was a needy man and she was to make money for him." And she? She was a lost soul and in mortal fear of the grave." Jules was in politics-what we call ward politics. There can be little doubt that he was a "grafter." He was extreme murderous he killed herplunged a knife into her back. He was king of the suburb. In his own eyes he had the right. And the sisters had been driven relentlessly from their school. The story is concerned particularly with that

Timothy Kissed by the Moon. If we mention such matters as the Christopher Inn, the three famous coffee houses of Bath, the morning glass at the Pump Room, the characteristics of Wiltshire's the attractions of the Toy Shop Tavern and the small table at the back of Simpson's coffee room where Roger Lee, Lord Stavely and Mr. Secombe sat breakfasting a moody silence, we dare say that we rather positively proclaim the atmosphere of Elizabeth Ellis's story of "The Fair Moon of Bath" (Dodd, Mead and Company). To say that this is the same hand, turning nstinctively and with every sympathy to omance, that penned the tale of "Barbara Winslow, Rebel," is, we feel, at once assurng and just a little superfluous. "Timothy out Celia gently into a chair, then he turned and faced the men with a queer look in his eyes. For a minute they eyed each other n silence, their faces flushed with embarrassment, then I'm broke into a hearty laugh. 'You demned focis!' he cald afectionately. He shook hands with Marcus and Oliver, but Lord Robert hesitated." The assassin turned and slunk away through the trees, grasping in his hand the hilt of a broken dagger." "Timothy drew nearer. His eyes glowed with an sager light as he watched her face. 'Celia,' he whispered softly, 'if the moon were to He paused expectant. With a soft laugh of happiness Celia placed her hands on his shoulders and, stooping, kissed his lips. A sudden burst of sound came from the inner room, laughter and the clinking of glasses. Marcus Ormonde's voice rose clear above the hubbub. Gentlemen, a toast-a toast. Long life there are no infirmities in the story.

No Need for Alarm.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is notoriously aumorous and inconsequential. The habit is possibly not bad in an age when so much s pretentious and little worth while. It may very well amount to a desirable assault upon an undesirable fact. Mr. Chesterton is, too, prolific. He has fairly inundated Great Britain in the last few years. In looking through his book "The Man Who Was Thursday: a Nightmare (Dodd, Mead and Company), we could not be amused for some time. It seemed to be too set an effort, too formidable a work, to be entertaining or encouraging. Our attention wandered. It was caught momentarily, as where we read of "the long 'ean man with the American beard," who was "again upon his feet," or of Comrade Gregory calling out, panting and passionate and undeterred by the manifestations of doubt on the part of the rest of the com-

211 we found the author guaranteeing some statement and declaring "I can only wallow in the exquisite comfort of my own exactitude," and we thought this a good phrase. We were interested, too, by Dr. Bull's communication, which consisted of the words, "What about Martin Tupper now?" We were not so fortunate as to get the bearings of what the doctor said, but we think we seized the spirit of his communication, and so much we found to be largely satisfying. We were stirred, too, by the mysteriously delivered note to Inspector Ratcliffe, which bore the fairly unintelligible warning: "Fly at once. The truth about your trouser stretchers is known," and purported to be signed by a friend. We made out from the book that the socialistic and revolutionary idea is not yet entirely formidable, and that we may sleep nights, assisted a little possibly by this particular

How Does the President Regard It? It will be gratifying when the writers of fiction, seeking to express dialect, stop writing "er" for "a" and "ther" for "the." The labor is unnecessary. Nobody in the ease and privilege of conversation says "a" as he would say it if he were reciting the alphabe. Take the expression: "Eben, he's prospectin' down ther cañon with ther rifle." Ada Woodruff Anderson is at the pains to treat the article "the" in this fashion in her story of the Pacific Northwest, "The Heart of the Red Firs" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston). All unpriggish human beings speaking the English language, all human beings who wish to be natural and not absurd, slur the definite article when it is followed by a word beginning with a consonant. Nobody saying "the rifle" would think of being guilty of all the accuracy and finish possible to the expression. Speech so indicated makes difficult reading. We trust that when a second edition of this otherwise realistic and reasonable tale is published it may be our privilege to announce that throughout the course of it "the" is spelled "the." For all we know, Prof. Brander Matthews is the culprit fundamentally responsible.

Art Pleasantly Regulated.

We notice that in the story of artistic life and emotion that Neith Boyce has written under the title of "The Bond" (Duffield and Company) the sculptor with the large and contemplative eyes and the tossed blond hair is represented as putting "cold and rather empty power" into his work. We believe that we know him, and we are satisfied that he was different from Basil, the hero of the tale, and as well from Teresa, the heroine. Teresa was jealous, which we may reasonably take to be a part of the artistic temperament, and she was a little more exacting from others than she was from herself, which we may take to be another part. She surely said a sharp enough thing when she said of Mrs. Perry, who was sitting for a portrait to Basil, who was Teresa's husband: "She looks as though she had committed a mortal but pleasant sin, and was about to go to confession, which she would enjoy even more."
At page 85 we may see Teresa, after a

difference with Basil, drawing down to her the head of that accomplished artist and kissing it, at the same time murmuring with indisputable irony: "Idiot!" A late evening scene this, and both amusing and pleasant. Later in the book we find Teresa talking provocatively to Crayven, the Englishman, and even kissing that compelling alien. She was punished. It our cheeks and your mouth too." And in her." It is obvious, of course, that Crayven was also punished. She "might" have loved Crayven. Enough, perhaps, for the purposes of faith and of right feeling in the matter, that she was "bound-bound," as the title of the story signifies, and that she was restored, with absolute satisfaction to her own wishes, to Basil afterward.

We are not quite sure that the outcome of the story is "logical"; we can only feel that it is entirely satisfactory. Moreover, the tale is clever. It displays the graces of a competent hand.

Political Addresses.

To the "Addresses and Speeches of Charles Evans Hughes" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), appearing as the publishers' notice points out "in the nick of time," President Jacob Gould Schurman prefixes with Nova Scotian canniness a laudatory, noncommittal introduction. Praising, as he must, the achievement of a Cornell graduate and the manly qualities of Gov. Hughes, the president of Cornell University cautiously leaves himself free to follow as the cat may jump in his article from the Independent. Most of the speeches contained in the volume were delivered in the fall of 1907.

The late Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Leslie Mortier Shaw, has collected in "Current Issues" his addresses and magazine articles emitted during ten years past. While most of these naturally deal with financial matters, some are included that apply to topics of general political interest

A selection from the oratory of the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge during iten years past has been garnered in "The Meaning of the Times and Other Speeches" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis). It is illustrated with a striking portrait of the young

The Framing of the Constitution. There is a painful timeliness in the pubcation in two volumes of Mr. Gaillard Hunt's edition of "The Journals of the Debates which Framed the Constitution of the United States, May-September, 1787, as recorded by James Madison" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), for now as never before in American history is the Constitution being strained with light headed thoughtlessness In one shape or another Madison's journal the only complete record of the convention kept, has been published several times. In this edition, however, Mr. Hunt, who is editing Madison's complete writings, has for the first time made public the full text from Madison's own autograph manu-

script. The text is enriched in the notes with the biographical sketches that William Pierce to the Moon of Bath and good speed to of Georgia wrote at the time and with ex-Endymion Curtis." It will be seen that tracts from the records left by Yates, Rufus King and Pierce, the only members who left notes, where their accounts as to the proceedings differ from those of Madison. The result is the most complete account of the doings of the convention extant, on that must be definitive unless new material should be discovered, which can hardly be expected. It is a book that should be in the hands of every American citizen, and at the present moment the discussions on the powers of the Executive are especially

worth considering. Some Spring Fiction.

A thoroughly entertaining love tale is told in Capt. Jack Brand's "By Wild Waves Tossed" (The McClure Company), though the title is rather misleading. There are sea adventures, but they play a relatively unimportant part in the story, which is a duet between a satisfactory hero and a very attractive heroine, enlivened by the interposition of a wholly detestable villain. No week of her life tested the strenuous life career as president of Wellesley College one can deny that the young woman for one

I's mascus. Irkutsk, Constantinople, Cal- pany, that he was not a madman. At page to the affinest. The improbabilities of the adventures will be pardoned for the freshness and the genuineness of the love making. The story proceeds rapidly and vigorously, so that the reader's interest never flags, and the conventions of the period in which it is put are observed with some care.

Nine short stories by Prof. Arlo Bates are included in "The Intoxicated Ghost and Other Stories" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). Nearly all turn on psychical matters; some are treated with mild humor, others more seriously. The title story has an amusing idea, so has the one about "The Psychical Club." One appropristes Dr. Morton Prince's "Miss Beauchamp" pretty boldly. In others there are touches of observation of New England life. They will be found to be entertaining. It is a very attractive sanitarium that Mr. Robert Herrick describes in "The Master of the Inn" (Charles Scribner's Sons), and he might find himself overwhelmed by correspondence if he had not ended the tale as he has. Artistically the tragedy he leads up to seems something of a mistake. The paradise of rest he describes gives the impression that he is treating poetically

some haven that he really knows of. An absurd idea that promises much is handled pretty clumsily by Mr. George Barr McCutcheon in "The Husbands of Edith" (Dodd, Mead and Company). There is much horseplay that verges at times on vulgarity, and some rather drastic depiction of character, but the lovers emerge safely, and that probably is all that the hasty reader will care for.

Violence takes the place of adventure in W. B. M. Ferguson's "Zollenstein" (Appletons), and the rapidity with which incidents follow on one another do not make up for poverty of invention and inane improbability. Even in make believe realms some ideas of inheritance and the scheme of government must be retained and some acquaintance shown with ordinary facts. The story might be supposed to be a burlesque on the adventure romances if it were not so dull.

Three New Novels.

The most extraordinary thing about 'Marcia Schuyler," the heroine of Grace Livingston Hill Lutz's spun-sugar romance, is her capacity for sleeping at all times. When Marcia's naughty sister, Kate, elopes the night before her wedding and Marcia is called upon at an hour's notice to understudy her part and to become the wife of her sister's lover, one would imagine her to be a bit nervous. But she sleeps in the carriage all the way to her new home and never wakens when David, the hero, carries her into the house and takes off her bonnet. When the wicked villain comes to Marcia's home and frightens her with amorous attentions she escapes through the wheat field and throws herself down under the trees beyond it and sleeps until David comes and wakens her. When the villain lures her to a lonely inn and she is saved only by a plucky little girl, once more she throws herself down on the bed at home and falls into a sweet sleep. We have never encountered a heroine who rounded off every climax with a good nap. We envy her the tranquillity of her nature. Marcia has, besides the wicked sister, a stern stepmother and all the properties essential to a first class heroine. The scheme of the book is naturally to make David fall in love with her. This is accomplished with deliberation and decorum, but the story is written before the days of steam railways, not to mention motors. It is called a "Sweet and Wholesome Romance" on the title page -it is also a dull and uninteresting one "Marcia Schuyler" is puplished by Lippincott.
Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel, "The

" (Dodd. Mead & Co.), is a good story spoiled with too much preaching. Only very religious people who do not need the author's sermons will have the grace to follow them at the bedsides of the dying and amid the groans of the wounded. Mr. Begbie seems to have unlimited time for the writing of his books, and forgets that his readers may not have unlimited time or patience in perusing them. He has the story writer's gift of making his characters seem real and his incidents true in spite of improbabilities. He introduces unusual types and sets them in picturesque scenes. His descriptions are good and his inventions diverting. The story of "The Vigil" is the drama of a beautiful and unselfish woman in love with a celibate priest of the Anglican church. The priest is an egotist and an idealist. At first he refuses the doctrines of the Church and lives the life of a scholarly monk. Then he embraces the doctrines he has refused and goes down to reform a Cornish village with lectures on art and various church entertainments, using the woman's wealth to carry out his ethical schemes. Ultimately he embraces the woman and the doctrines and goes out into the world to preach the gospel of love and human brotherhood. It is a beautiful picture of a strong, unselfish and devoted woman that Mr. Begbie has drawn, waiting patiently for a man to work off his egotism and come to

"The Dissolving Circle," by Will Lillibridge (Dodd, Mead & Co.), certainly deserves the distinction of being called "virile. It is also sizzling hot, vigorous and riotously frank and indecent. It is in short a "shocker" and deals with life in Sioux City among the men and women serving time in order to be freed from matrimonial entanglements. There is a drunken, brawling red haired degenerate with freekled hands, a flendish temper and a gorgeous and never failing thirst who goes cavorting through the tale like a mad bull. He is a bad man from the bad lands and a cowardly beast with all his bluster. There is a young doctor with an iron will, the blue eyes that women love and the pluck that men respect. There is a Lethe Club, where the men waiting for time divorces meet to invent deviltry to divert them during the lagging hours. There is a little black eyed woman waiting, too, who makes love to the young doctor in a fervent fashion that would interest Bernard Shaw. "The Dissolving Circle" spins about at a dizzy rate quite regardless of probability or conven-

Other Books. It is an extraordinary book that Prof. George Herbert Palmer has written in the memoir of his wife, "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company), and one that is difficult for critics to deal with. One object he had in view, that of forestalling other biographies, is not likely to be achieved; another, that of fixing in a permanent record the most evanescent of all things, the memory of personality, he has at least attempted so that persons who knew Mrs. Palmer may recognize her in these pages. It is usually a mistake for those too closely related to persons who have led a public life to try to write their biographies; their point of view and sense of proportion are apt to be other than the task demands. Prof. Palmer shows discretion in what he tells and what he leaves untold about his wife, though if he had submitted to the criticism of judicious friends he might have omitted a few startlingly intimate revelations. Yet, whereas for the public the chief interest must be in Miss Freeman's

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and in the work she did after her marriage. for Prof. Palmer it consists naturally in the fact that she became his wife. For the future real biographer his memoir will be a great help, but that biographer will have to explain the life in terms of Alice Freeman herself and not in terms of her husband. There are several portraits of Mrs. Palmer.

A refreshing sign of the firmer grip that

modern science has on itself is the number of books published in which masters of their subject scout at scientific dogma and state frankly how little is known positively about theories that the general public accepts with the blind faith it once gave to theological assertions. A particularly bright and attractive example is the volume on "Heredity," by Prof. J. Arthur Thompson of the University of Aberdeen (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author has no personal views to advance; in that sense there is nothing original about his book. There is originality enough, however, in the clear and entertaining manner in which he explains the different views and theories held by scientific men and analyzes the evidence on which they rest. To readers brought up on the deductions drawn from Darwin and Spencer such scepticism may seem destructive. It is worth while, nevertheless, to contrast the manner in which scientific men regard the settled "facts" and "laws" with the positive assertions and generalizations of investigators in the new little special "sciences." Loose nonsensical views about heredity and inheritance have permeated many sciences as well as the reading layman; it is just as well that the ascertained facts should be known too. Prof. Thompson makes this possible by the lucidity and simplicity with which he explains the various aspects of his subject.

Rather disappointing are the "Memoirs of Eight Parliaments," by Henry W. Lucy (G. P. Putnam's Sons), both as regards information and amusement. They contain much that is of value undoubtedly, for Mr. Lucy has had forty years experience as a parliamentary reporter, but that fact leads the reader to expect more from him than he grants. He gives sketches of a dozen British statesmen, the Prime Ministers from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill and others. These are rambling and rather garrulous, and unforrecollections, much that pertains to times long before his day. The account of the procedure in Parliament is entertaining, and there are chapters of anecdote and about matters of transitory interest. The reader cannot help wishing for the things Mr. Lucy might have said and has not.

The aftermath of Richard Hovey's verse has been gathered in "To the End of the Trail" (Duffield and Company). It includes his latest sonnets and verses written when he was a child, odes, a dramatic fragment and other relics. Of special interest are his translations from Maeterlinck and Mallarmé. The volume is printed attractively to match the edition of "Launcelot

and Guinevere." Another interesting collection of letters written by a private in the field is published by the Neale Publishing Company, Gen. J. B. Polley's "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie." The author served with Hood's Texas brigade throughout the war, and at the end prints evidence to show that it was the Fourth Texas regiment that broke the Federal line at Gaines's Mill. It is to be regretted that the circumstances of the correspondence led the author to use his best literary style, for though this is not stilted he would have been freer with his expressions if writing more familiarly. The letters are entertaining, however, and give valuable evidence regarding conditions on

the Southern side of the line. In the learned ess ys included in the second series of "Studies in Judaism," by Dr. S. Schechter (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadel hia) those of chief interest to the general reader are the account of the author's discovery of Hebrew manuscripts in the Genizah at Cairo, the review of the memoirs of Glückel Hameln, a Hamburg Jewess of the seventeenth century, and the history of Safed in the sixteenth century.

A book that has proved of great help to many besides lawyers, "Labor Laws and Decisions of the State of New York," by John A. Cipperley (Banks and Company, Albany), is brought fully up to date in a revised edition. The laws are revised with all the amendments to December, 1907; the decisions come down to March 1, 1908. The appendix includes the Danbury hatters

Books Received.

Books Received.

"Pour Victorian Poets." Stopford A. Brooke.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Through the Magic Door." A. Conan Doyle.
(The McClure Company.)

"Lee and His Cause." John R. Deering. D. D.
(The Nesie Publishing Company.)

"Favorite Fish and Fishing." James A. Henshall. M. D. (The Outing Publishing Company.)

"Shelburne Essays. Fifth Series." Paul Elmer More. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason." The Rev. L. A. Lambert. Li. D. (Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York.)

"Things Worth While." Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (B. W. Huebsch.)

"The Religion of a Democrat." Charles Zueblin. (B. W. Huebsch.)

"Scientific Nutrition Simplified." Goodwin Brown.
(Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Tommy Brown." Altken Murray. (R. F. Fenno and Company, New York.)

"Andrew Ellicott." Catharine Van Cortlandt Mathews. (The Grafton Press, New York.)

"William Jordon, Junior." J. C. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard and Company, New York.)

"The Disinherited." George Wallace. (J. L. Oglivie Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Destroyers." John F. Carter, Jr. (The Neale Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Destroyers." John F. Carter, Jr. (The Neale Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Postsorigs." Eleasor Stuart. (The McClure Company.)

"The Nex Percés Since Lewis and Clark." Kate Company.)

"The Nex Percés Since Lewis and Clark." Kate "The Postsorigi." Eleanor Stuart. (The McClure Company.)

The Nez Perods Since Lewis and Clark." Kate C.McBeth. (Flerfing H. Revell Company.)

"Antiquities of the Upper Glia and Sait River Valleys in Arizona and New Mexico. (Builetin St. Bureau of American Ethnology.)" Waiter Hough. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

"George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop." Lady Leura Ridding. (Edward Arnold; Longmans, Green and Company.)

"Wild Flower Families." Clarence M. Weed. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"The Duchess of Dresms." Edith Macvane. (J. B. Lippincott Company.) Lippincott Company.)
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ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:30 O'CLOCK CONCLUDING SALE AT THE



546 Fifth Ave., Cor. 45th St.

The Lehne Antique Co.'s

Collection Consisting of Rare Examples of English and Colonial Furniture, Plate, Potteries, Glass, Historical China, etc.

Original works by Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite.

EVERY PIECE WILL BE POSITIVELY GUARANTEED AS CATALOGUED, ON EXHIBITION UNTIL SALE

SALES BY AUCTION. SORGUES & BAUMAN, Auctioneers, sell paintings and bric-a-brac, evenings 7:20 P. M., 79 Cort-landt st.

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